

## NEW YORK LETTER

New York, Jan. 2.—This is just a little story of one time the Black Hand failed.

It was an hour after midnight. In the little coffee house of Joseph Gallucci, Michael Moreles was playing a little tune on the violin. He was alone, save for Gallucci's cat, which rubbed against his legs.

The door burst open. A policeman rushed in. He glanced around the room once; then strode through into the back room.

A little crippled man was lying there, quite dead, and with a bullet through his brain.

The policeman questioned Moreles.

Moreles was blankly ignorant of how the little man came to his death. Oh yes, he knew he was —Anelio Prisco—everybody in Harlem's Little Italy knew Anelio Prisco.

Everyone in Harlem's Little Italy had reason to. For Prisco was a blackmailer. He was said to have killed at least four men who would not "come through." He was feared and hated by every shopkeeper, every barber, every bootblack, every resident of the crowded district, who had a few dollars.

But Moreles knew nothing of the killing. He had not seen Prisco come in. He had not seen Gallucci go out.

"Aw, come off o' that," said the policeman, and dragged Moreles off to the station.

In the coffee house, there was left only the cat, and the fiddle, and the bent, twisted little corpse.

Hours passed, and the police third degree had tortured no information from Moreles. And then Moreles, Gallucci, his wife, and his nephew, John Russomano, entered the station house. Their faces were white and strained looking.

"We want to tell about the killing of Prisco, the blackmailer, said Gallucci, simply.

And this is the story they told: Gallucci, Mrs. Gallucci, Russomano and Moreles were making merry in the coffee house that evening.

Suddenly the side door opened. Prisco sidled in through it, and beckoned Gallucci into the back room. They all knew what he wanted.

In the back room, Prisco drew an ugly looking revolver and thrust it into Gallucci's sweating face.

"Give me \$100," he said, "or I'll blow your head off."

Russomano knew what was happening in the back room. He crept behind the coffee house counter and got Gallucci's revolver. He tiptoed to the partition which cut off the back room.

Prisco heard, and whirled around. But he was a moment too late. The bullet struck him squarely between the eyes.

There was great rejoicing. All but Moreles left the coffee house to spread the news through the quarter. Moreles stayed—to watch the shop and fiddle a gay